

CENTER FOR CULTURAL HERITAGE PROTECTION

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY
OF THE ISLAND OF HVAR

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–plit »Narodni

list published the memories

of Mayor Krun Penović in serials in 1983.

It seems to us that the memories of a patriot and an eyewitness to the dramatic times in the life of his and our city of Zadar should be collected in one place. All the more so since the writer is also connected to our Old Town, which gave our national champion and brilliant writer's predecessor in "Narodni list", Jurja Biankina, who is mentioned in the memoirs.

That is why we are publishing this supplement to issue VII »Addition to the history of the island of Hvar«.

Mirjana Kolumbić and Niko Duboković Nadalini 3 MY

ZADAR MEMORIES I was the last editor

of the Zadar "Narodni list", of its first heroic and glorious period. I am left with a sad pride from my most active participation in the paper, which for over half a century has supported and defended the people of Dalmatia in the high ideals of freedom and unity. In 1980 I wrote these "My Zadar Memories" for Zadar, mostly about "Narodni list"!

The current editorial board has received me more than flatteringly.

Due to the volume of this text, it did not consider it advisable to print it in sequels and suggested that the integral text be printed in the Zadar Review. I gladly agreed.

"Narodni list" in the New Year's issue (1981) beautifully printed one paragraph, and in the jubilee 120th year of publication (1982), it printed only the beginning (with one large omission) on one whole page. He did not continue.

A brochure of the Center for the Protection of Cultural Heritage - Hvar is now being published. I live in Stari Grad. This place, along with other patriotic ones, has withstood the most persistently the Renaissance period, thanks to the sons whose value I present.

The anti-national majority in the Parliament was overthrown in 1870. The municipalities quickly passed into the hands of the people. Starogradska 1874.

Our first reading room was opened in Split back in 1861. And a year later, a second one opened in Zadar!

The islands of central Dalmatia did not escape the foreign infection. Jelsa was a tower run by the distinguished house of Captain Niko Duboković. The reading room was opened there in 1868. In order of the municipality and reading rooms! Jelsa was the first on the islands.

Today's, formerly powerful, "Narodni list" remained with Zadar, ruined in the opposing camp until the downfall of fascism.

The liberation and unification of Zadar was brought by the People's Liberation Army. The current greatness of Zadar - today's Zadarites!

I cannot forget the first impression that Zadar left on me, when, after my sad departure in 1920, I landed on its shores, in the liberated city, torn from us so inhumanly, dully, unheroically. With what sadness I left my city, where us

—

is everything else. I was thrown off my life path, which I had paved with many rosy prospects. Erasing everything we had lost was more bearable than the mental depression.

Today, in the new reality, after the devastation of World War II, after unimaginable upheaval and social upheaval, it is difficult to be satisfied.

In my new position, after the Zadar disaster, my service often took me to the seaside. When World War II ended, I could not resist returning to the city, which I had sadly watched from afar since 1920 and hoped to return to. I experienced this in 1946, trembling with excitement.

When our then rare ship (Herceg Novi) docked at the only

On the shore (today in front of the Hotel "Beograd") I could barely control myself from kneeling down and kissing the ruined, disfigured ground. I trampled over the ruins. Everything was irresistibly sad and attractive to me. I was moved to tears by the excitement.

I wanted to first see the building of my "Narodni list" on Tri bunara Square, which had miraculously escaped the bombings. There I served as the last editor of the paper and director of the printing house. Until that shameful total demolition, until the final banning of "Narodni list" and "Naši list" and my exile. From the Three Wells Square, I made my way across the ruins to the center of my favorite memories. I found myself in a cleared area, where the Roman forum now came into view and the imposing Donatus appeared, a rare monument from the 9th century, which we had not noticed until then, surrounded by three-story buildings, and which now characterizes the image of Zadar. I tried to orient myself: how far did our "Green Square", the former Zadar market, reach, where were the streets that led to it, where were the houses that closed it off . . . I was amazed at how everything had been erased. For a long time I mourned, carried away by the past, looking for at least the foundations, the outlines of the disappeared. I looked up in the direction where I had once looked at the windows of a fourth floor. . . Only memories in a row.

The campanile of Zadar rose higher than the bell tower of our St.

St. Anastasia. I can't get over this: with the division of the Roman Empire, from the time of Byzantine rule, before the arrival of the Croats, Zadar was the capital. It has always remained the capital. It fought fiercely and persistently for freedom against Venice, tougher and more persistent than all our cities, and was destroyed several times, both when Venice finally took over and until the last war.

The Zadar region was still Croatized. Although the centuries-old Venetian government (until 1797) wanted our nationalization, it did not implement it using the methods of this century's fascism. It left its traces in the backwardness of the people,

in stone reminders, it brought its own governors into the administration and imposed its language. But Zadar resisted most tenaciously. That is the history of Zadar. The second struggle, the one between us Slavs and our local Italian-oriented people, this new trouble arose only in the middle of the last century, not before. Then our national revival flared up, the question of unifying Dalmatia with Croatia was raised, and the struggle for the introduction of the Croatian language in schools and in the administration was launched. 6 Austria, having entered Dalmatia at the beginning of

the last century, retained the Italian language in the administration and schools. It transferred the civil service from its Italian provinces to Zadar. In this way, I think, it contributed more to Italianization than the five centuries of Venice. Understandably, there were members of the Italian culture and language who felt the Slavic blood of their fathers and grandfathers in them, but were not clear about their national affiliation and did not accept the unification. Others did not accept it because - and perhaps for a reason - the very sad circumstances that prevailed in Croatia at the time. In the huge, tense, terrible struggle against Hungarian domination and the Renaissance, it was not difficult to choose between the situation in Croatia and the situation in Dalmatia.

In the fight against unification, no other slogan was emphasized than autonomy. Those who were Italian-oriented by language were called autonomists. ·The municipality of Zadar was in their hands, as was the whole of Dalmatia.

"Narodni list" led the revival and movement for unification as the official organ of the National Party. The first issue was published on March 1, 1862.

It was published in Italian as "Il Nazionale", because the broad masses of the people were illiterate. When it was able to play a role among the broad masses and in the countryside, it became simply "Narodni list".

In 1866, the autonomists launched "Il Dalmata" as a counter-movement to the "Narodnome List". But they considered themselves Slavo-Dalmatians. It is interesting

to note that in the introductory issue of "Il Dalmata" they declared themselves Slavs "Slavi non solo per stirpe, ma anche di cuore e di sentimenti" (Slavs not only by descent, but also by heart and feelings). These autonomists were divided into two camps: one was Slavo-Dalmatian, and the other was the kind of stubborn

bureaucrats that Austria needed (led by the stubborn bureaucrat Lapenna). ·f ek from 1874, autonomism was replaced by Italianism.

The municipality of Zadar, which created and led the separatist movement, remained Italian until the end. The Austrian administration helped in all this, because it wanted at least the provincial capital to be in the camp opposed to the people's aspirations, to break the unanimity.

· During the First World War, Zadar had a population of up to 14,000.

More than half of us were in the city itself. The outer area of the municipality, everything outside the city walls, was ours, with about 32,000 inhabitants.

In the battles for the municipality, a large number of officials either felt Italian or obeyed the dictates of Vienna and voted for the Italian side.

Merchants, craftsmen, artisans, were dependent on the municipality, and the landowners, for the most part, were autonomists, or - better said - for the system, and their serfs, the common people, according to the electoral order, either did not have the right to vote, or had to vote as the master wanted. That is how the Italian voting population was formed and what it consisted of. Thus the municipality remained in anti-national hands and this ultimately helped Italian diplomacy to wrest the bare city from us. Zadar has never lost its uniqueness. We were all in love and proud of our city. Here I would like to mention this detail about our city. The ruined garden wall of the monastery of St. Mary 7 in the ancient street "calle del Jadre" is being repaired. I don't

know how Jadre came about, but I don't believe it comes from Venice. The name "Stomorica" is also old, which I like. We haven't heard it. Calling and knowing only "Pogliana" was natural and pleasant for us, for example "Pogliana Nassis". I won't dwell on similar examples. Venice didn't impose it, and more importantly: it couldn't even erase it.

My beautiful Zadar! The unforgettable New Coast! The walls for that coast began to crumble in the last quarter of the last century. Beautiful residential buildings were erected, the face of the city. The first was our Manzin's house in the far west. One by one, mostly - and this is important - the houses of our citizens sprang up. From the far east, only in my time did the construction of the S. Dimitar complex begin. There is now a faculty there. From there, the first three houses are Borelli. The third one housed the printing house and the editorial office of the "Narodni list" until it moved to its own building near Tri bunari in 1917. The Oštriý house followed. Next to it was a park where we played until the Borelli house arrived, intact; there was a tavern and the Bristol hotel (now Za-reb). Next to this one is the Borelli palace again. Next to this is Perlini, and next to it are two pavilions with our elementary school, boys' and girls'.

Next came three connected houses (our last names, I don't remember), in the middle of the Meštroviý cinema. Next to these was another Perlini house, then Dellaurana Square, the Italianized name of our Vranjanin brothers (Vrana = Laurana)

From this square we watched the construction of the pier, longer than today, where the high-speed railways from Trieste (Lloyd Austriaco) and from Rijeka (Croatian-Hungarian Society) would dock. During strong southerly winds, the idle Zadarites gathered in the lee and watched the waves break over the new pier, roar with great foam and sweep everything away. In the Perlini house was the J.,loyd tavern. On the opposite side of the square was the large Trigari building (PTT directorate for Dalmatia). Connected to this was the Lapenna house, which was also

similar. Further on were the Benja, Borelli, Paparella and finally Manzin houses. The shore thus built was our face of Zadar. It was over 800 meters long.

On the north side of this row of houses, a wide street, "viale Nicolo Trigari", was created along the entire length of the coast, from St. Francis to the square of Laurana and from this to S. Dimitri, "viale Nicolo Tommaseo". We called all this Stradon and we liked it. I only remember this name. Stradon

had two cinemas, a large restaurant, a pharmacy, and groceries.

It was a favorite promenade. It was also the entrance to our elementary school.

The leader of our revival, Dr. Miho Klaiý, lived in Zadar and died in 1896. I remember from my vague youth an imposing funeral along the Stradon. An immense procession filled the road, and the citizens lined the sidewalks. My father sat me down at an open window on the first floor, from where he dominated the view.

He held me with his right hand so that I wouldn't slip onto the sidewalk. Suddenly I saw him shedding large tears and - I cried out loud. How could I not remember such a procession and my crying? I was not aware of such a funeral for whom it was being held, nor had I seen such a funeral before.

On the other side of the sea channel, the unforgettable image of Zadar was completed by the fortress of St. Michael on the top of the highest hill above Preko; there were three towers, now destroyed by bombing.

In my youth, the Manzin house was being filled in, and Dr. Manzin built a beautiful building on the fill, ground floor and first floor, in stone, marble, and glass. The Croatian Reading Room moved there from its previous premises in the wide

street across from the "Caffe Centrale." The Italians could not stand the reading room in the new building on the shore.

From those difficult days of ours, I remember my experience, neither dramatic nor comical. One morning we were startled by a deafening roar: a mob of demonstrators were breaking our large windows. They surrounded the building and were about to break in. What were we going to do? A few of us managed to get down from one of the courtyard windows into Manzin's yard, and the rest (among them my colleague Dr. Kožul, Dr. Miletiý and Dr. Anýelinoviý) took down the decorative antique weapons (jatangans, sabers, hadžars, holsters) from the walls of the hall to meet the burglars. It ended well, but I remember the incident, like many others, vividly.

The Croatian reading room was opened in 1863 in the presence of the mayor of the municipality; that was not strange then: he was "slavo". And in 1848 the mayor (podesta di Zara) was "Slavo". Among the first members of the reading room was Dr. Jakov Giljanoviý. His son Dr. Rubi was ours at the time and was a founding member. Later in Italy, irredento, he became senator.

The Zadar reading room was the center of all patriotic actions in Dalmatia. The Austrian government had forbidden civil servants from enrolling in the reading room.

In Venice it was said: "Se volete i Dalmati fedeli tenete il ignorant" (If you want faithful Dalmatians, keep them ignorant). That is why Dalmatia did not receive any of our schools. The Croatian folk school was only opened in 1885 (with 16 children). Our gymnasium was fought for a long time and we won it only in 1898 with threats to the first students and parents, while the Italian classical gymnasium and real school were a hundred years old. A German public school was also opened (in Calle del Tribunale) in 1873. "11 Dalmata" welcomed it and advocated the need for such a gymnasium.

At the beginning, the famous polemic between the young editor Natko Nodil, still unknown, and Nikola Tommaseo, who was at the height of his fame, was introduced into »11 Nazionale«. Tommaseo advocated not only the political autonomy of Dalmatia against unification with Croatia, but also a special Dalmatian nationality. Otherwise, Tommaseo did not hesitate to call our language »ours«, »Sweet«, »our Slavic mother«. His are »Sparks«. He collected folk creations.

Natko Nodilo became a professor at the University of Zagreb. The leaders of the National Revival invited Juraj Biankini to Zadar as editor-in-chief of the "Narodni list". He took up the post in 1871 and remained in that position until the Italians expelled him. In the end, the revival won, and when progress began, war came and the unfortunate occupation befell us. "Narodni list" wrote in Italian, for the occupier. Thus ended its difficult, glorious, first, most deserving period. 9 From 1844, Zora Dalmatinska was published

in Zadar, for which our Petar Preradović sang "Zora puca – bit će dana" in the first issue. The song of our revival. When his Illyrian friends persuaded him to sing in our language, Preradović sang "Putnik" ("My dear God, where have I gone?"). The traveler addresses his homeland: "Give him a grave in your field, decorate his grave with your flowers." He was worthily repaid at Mirogoj. He lived in Zadar and married Paola of the old Zadar house de Pante (Calle del Cristo). The poet - a prophet of brotherhood and unity! Today it has been achieved!

Of the poets in "Narodni list", I have memories of Vladimir Nator, my professor, who sang in "Narodni list" under the pseudonym Vladimir Primorski. I remember Cihlar-Nehajev, Ivo Vojnović (with a pseudonym), Srđan Tucić, Tresić-Pavičić, my friends Katalinić-Jeretov, Mirko Korolij. I graduated with Despot Jr. Also with Božidar Adžija.

In Zadar, the Slavonian Linden was founded in 1849, but it was short-lived, as everything was hindered by Viennese absolutism. The Dalmatian Motherland was founded, with Dr. Božidar Petranović as its founder and first president. Strossmayer made significant contributions to this cause on two occasions. Our scholars, writers, used to immerse themselves in foreign culture and passed as sons of another people, for example, Andrea Schiavone (Medulić) from Zadar. I am mentioning the people of Zadar since Zadar raised the banner of national revival and our struggle began.

In the field of art, the balance sheet fills us with pride. Nikola Stermić from Zadar wrote the opera "La madre slava" in 1865. Prof. Ivan Zmrić distinguished himself with allegorical paintings during the Herzegovinian uprising, and donated "Slobodna ili mrtva" to the reading room. The reading room was decorated with the painting "Jugoslavia" by Frano Salghetti - Drioli from Zadar. Vjekoslav Fichert - Dalmata "La madre slava" in 6 cantos in 1857, translated into our language in 1861. In music, Vladimir and Benito Bersa are from Zadar. Dr. Ante

Bersa, a folklorist, was elected a representative in the Parliament in 1870. The German symphonist and famous conductor Felix Weingartner was from Zadar, and I quote him on the assumption that he was pleased with it. The library, which Paravića donated to Zadar, cannot be proof of Italianness, as the Italians tastelessly incorporated it into their famous march "El si" (. .. "E che facia pur la spia, nella patria del Paravia non se parla che Italian"). .. I was flattered by my friendship with our distinguished painter Zoe Borelli.

Split had its own society "Zvonimir", Dubrovnik "Gundulića", Šibenik "Kolo", and we in Zadar founded the walking and musical society "Petar Zoranić". I participated.

Zadar had many deserving patriots: Stermić Valcrociata, Antonietti, Lantana, Vitezić, Paško Bakmaz, Petar Abelić (moderate

autonomist, the devil is the help for the rehabilitation of "Narodni list"), the Borelli brothers, the Felicinovie brothers, Paštroviy (called Garibaldi), Oštriý, Nekiý, Petricioli, Berýiy, Afriý, ýabriý, Androviý, ýedomil J akša (can. ýuka), Babiý, Kopani, etc. 10 From the beginning, "Narodni

list" was supported by contributions from the great patron Strossmayer. He was among the first founders. Petar Biankini, Juraj's brother, joined the newspaper much later for the Economic section and ran the printing house. The finances had already been restored.

At home, when things got busy - and they were often - I didn't hang out with Italians, but on the street we would meet like people from Zadar.

After World War I, when Zadar was annexed, many of our people had to move out, and since World War II, they have moved out. When we met, we would mention Zadar.

Long before the First World War, the embankment of the new coast continued and turned towards the north. The westernmost bastion was not demolished, but the army built a palace for the XIII Army Corps on it. General Varešanin was the commander then. It was called palazzo Varešanin. In 1918, "11 governorato della Dalmazia e isole Curzolari" with Admiral Milo was located there. (In the Italian-Turkish war of 1911, Milo penetrated the Dardanelles Strait with a pair of torpedo boats to the first obstacle and retreated without loss. He was promoted to admiral, celebrated, and proclaimed "eroe dei Dardanelli"). There is a fish market under the wall next to our reading room.

The filling was completed with the construction of an operational embankment called the Derna quay all the way to the old (workers') embankment in the port. Between

the Derna quay and the Workers' embankment, there was a Port Authority building just across from the breakwater at the very entrance to the port, completely in the sea, and it was accessed by a small bridge. It was removed so that it was carried as it was to the very chain gate, where the previously existing boat slipway was filled in. Thus, both embankments were connected.

Not long after my first visit to Zadar, I found myself again in the ruined city, but it was already a smaller wasteland. The ruins were being cleared. New buildings began to be erected. But the houses - new, new taste, new clothes.

St. Donatus was built on Roman fragments. We have something to show! The municipal building on People's Square was built by the Italians.

What does it remind us of? It has ruined our old, harmonious square. A Zadar resident, I am not for demolition. I am for changing the face. If there are reliefs of our cities on it (I don't

remember), those reliefs don't tell me "it was once the capital", but - fascism carved "and it is ours". Brkan didn't film it. Kudos to him!

No one else I met consoled me, but we shared sorrowful sympathy over such a catastrophe. I walked through the Walls, mourning.

She stopped me as the workers, swinging with ropes, were demolishing the facade of the three-story building. When the wall collapsed, two workers attacked with clubs, 'who will go faster

and it's better to break the beautiful, whole stone thresholds. "What are you doing? This is national property!" How many small cases like this.

On the People's Square I met my dear childhood friend Folko Borelli. He was among the first to be liberated, the department head of the City People's Committee.

He took me to where he was living at the time, in a room in a demolished building

on St. Dominic's Street that was still usable. We walked along St. Michael's Street to the church and monastery - our Glagolitic people. 11 It is worth remembering here: the Glagolitic

script has always been preserved in Zadar, at a time when even the Church was not in favor of it. Among other nations, it was a distinction for us to have a liturgy not in Latin but in Old Church Slavonic.

We entered St. Dominic Street all the way to the end. To make the irony even greater, in the ruined Borelli building, all that remained of the luxurious apartment was a billiard room, and that is where my Folko arranged the living room, bedroom, and kitchen. I am not mentioning this for the sake of another, but writing my memories: I did not mourn the ruined building, but man in general, human suffering, cruel and unjustified, a detail of the total disaster, one of the images of the disfigured city.

Across from the demolished Borello house was the Home Guard barracks.

There were two types of infantry in Zadar: in the large barracks next to the land gate of the

XXII infantry regiment, soldiers in heavy blue uniforms, with yellow badges, impressed, like some ancient Greek hoplites, real soldiers. And in the aforementioned barracks across the road

from Borella, there was a Landwehr regiment = Home Guards, in light brown uniforms, with green

flags and black plumes on their heads, they did not impress.

The witty

Zadar "mularija" would chant after these: "Biž" Langver, ide soldat". There was a society of old, retired soldiers "Veterans". On festive occasions they would march through the streets behind

military music in uniform as Home Guards, with such plumes, with crosses and medals on

their chests. One of them would follow, on the coachman's side, the mail cart of the "diliyenca", which raced to the post office on Laurana Square every day and would play the postal trumpet,

in the uniform of a postman and a veteran's plume.

Machine Translated by Google

I found myself on the old _ shore in front of the sea gate (marina). Two young men are walking from the bridge. One turns to go through the gate into the city: "andemo par qua", the other, walking straight along the shore, "no, andemo par qua", the first insists on the city gate, the other, following him unwillingly, raised his hands above himself "cost'ti me meni fra questa ruševine". Born in Italian Zadar, he knows nothing but "ruins". I was shown the image of not a denationalized city, but a city to which 25 years of fascist sovereignty, precisely he, brought destruction, that ugly image, but those

born in Zadar did not hear the Italian word, the child did not have it, he only absorbed our word with his mother's milk, it came to him from his father and grandfathers.

For the municipal elections, voting was held by body. First, the third body.

The autonomists carried out great terror and physically attacked. Voters from the villages were searched at the entrance to the city to see if they were carrying weapons, and even their sticks were taken away. On one such occasion, the patriot Medoviĭ bought each of them a codfish, so that they would not be left empty-handed, and so they went to the polling station armed. Out of 400 voters, 316 were for the people's party, and 82 for the autonomists. 12 of our people entered the municipal council!

Unfortunately, it did not last long, because the government did everything to create discord in the ranks of the people. They began to be irritated on the religious front, and only then did a dispute arise between our people, which had never happened before. In the fight for the municipality, this was fatal. "Narodni list" actively advocated and emphasized that they wanted to "separate us" under the pretext of tribal or religious names. He advocated the unity of all Slavs in the Balkans. 12 Isn't

there a unique example and proof of national harmony and brotherhood in the Zadar area even now? The village of Islam - Greek and Latin! Refugees from the Turks left a name for the place, in Greek more Catholics, in Latin more Orthodox, it was said.

The Zadar area has always produced excellent sailors, just like it does today.

On domestic and foreign ships, on sailing ships large and small, on the Adriatic and in distant oceans, there were always a large number of officers, deckhands,

helmsmen, stokers, coal miners, cooks, waiters, etc. from Zadar and the surrounding area. There was only one modest steamship company in Zadar with three wooden steamships "Airone", "Rondine" and "Falco", which performed regular service with the islands and by land. Later, a slightly larger freighter "Nibbio" came, then another "Zara". And that was all. Shortly before the First World War, all the smaller Dalmatian steamship companies merged into the "Austrian Steamship Company for Dalmatia shares" based in - where?

In Trieste? Zadar is also included.

The excellent service of rowing boats, "barcarjoli", connected the old coast with

Brodarica and Vošarnica. Over time, they were replaced by the steam ferry service "Vaporeto". There was no bridge yet.

The port of Zadar was in second place among Dalmatian cities with its ship traffic (1,261,000 tons), slightly behind Split (1,442,000 tons), which had the Knin and Sinj railways, a developed cement industry, and the export of tupina.

I was particularly interested in the picture of the old Zadar coast. From the breakwater (porporela) to Jazin (Val de Ghisi), I had three eras in front of me: often many large sailing ships, which manually unloaded and loaded cargo. Sailing ships were slightly supplanted by first special and then regular ships, with screw, crm, with large chimneys and cranes (winches) with thick steam that roared noisily. Then came passenger ships, then fast, even double-chimney ships, and then the white fleet. Along the coast of Vošarnica, in front of the then Eugenia Godnig factory with its chimney under the clouds, the yacht of the imperial governor of Dalmatia was still moored, a black old tall ship on wheels (tambur), perhaps the last on the Adriatic, the "Andreas Hoffer". These were my observations. In front of the breakwater, sailing ships were waiting for their turn to port. The porporela was built sometime around 1870-80.

In front of the port, there was often a sailing ship belonging to Capt. Dinko

Biankini, the eldest, visiting his brother. He had several sailing ships, both larger and

smaller. The sailing ship S(l. was called "Giulietta e Romeo", according to the

fashion of the time, meaning the parents of Cvit and Juraj. At the top of the mast flew a white sign crossed by a blue ribbon on 4 fields, and on each white field the letter B = God bless the Biankini brothers. The opponents read Voters, vote for the Biankini brothers. Dinka Biankini was the mayor of the Stari Grad municipality,

the champion of the "puntars", as the Italians called ours. As mayor of the municipality, he built by far the most beautiful school building in Stari Grad, which Stari Grad is still

proud of today. His name was carved in the entrance. I remember well how one

New Year's Eve in Zadar, children approached him and he stuck small money in their apples. 13 On the shore in front of the gate of St. Roch, a large number of

larger and smaller sailing ships, both dismantled and still afloat, were moored.

A forest of masts. They served as stores for fruit, vegetables, oil, wine, wood, coal, roof tiles, old things, etc. Some of them had families living in them and they

cooked on the deck. :vivid. I had some friends from those floating houses in elementary school, we played in a moored boat, rowed and fell

into the sea.

The old city port ended in front of the Moro Bastion. The walls of this bastion began to collapse, and an extension of today's Lenin Promenade to the Five Wells was created.

The port was further filled in along the Vladimir Nazor Park (then called "Park Blažekovič") all the way to Jazin. The sea channel between the two parks from the port to Foša was also filled in. The channel disappeared in 1908. The proponents wanted this filling in to create a wide public road, because the entire expanse served only as a military woodshed.

Opponents, however, were already complaining that a problem would arise: the sea current would disappear, which is the most topical issue today. It was buried and quickly

repented. Zadar-the island became a peninsula, and even less interesting. By 1875, the city's land gates had a bridge to the mainland, which was raised with chains. And that was buried.

What a shame!

The "Scuola d'arte e mestieri Pasquale Bacmaz" endowment was built on large areas, which were obtained by filling.

A road was also built along the walls of Vladimir Nazor Park to Jazin, and the first ice dam was built on the buried part of Jazin. Today, discussions are underway on how a solution

will be found there for the future city center.

From the then Zadar on the island to now, everything has changed incredibly, we had no idea of such progress. !Stepping onto the Land Gate (Terra-ferma) and passing the sea channel that connected Foša with the city port, you found yourself outside the city. The road began, a nice walk.

There is a power plant by the sea, and on the left side is the long wall of Vladimir Nazor Park.

To the Volf house, and then further along the sea, a popular promenade. There was the apartment of my friend Dr. J. Machiedo. The road, leaving the road that leads to Arbanasi, continued past the military training ground. We loved walking along the high road along the sea. From the easternmost houses of Arbanasi, the land stretched into the sea, all pine groves, and ended as a long point, where there was a military shooting range (bersaglio). By the sea, below the high road on the very sea shore, there is an interesting old well (fontana), vaulted, with a dome and a small pier. Not far away is the city slaughterhouse. It employs mostly butchers from Arbanasi.

Due to the Turkish persecution, Archbishop Zmajević in the first decades of the 18th century had moved several families from Lake Skadar to what is now Arbanasi. From the few hundred immigrants, a few thousand were created, through connections with the surrounding area. Until our days, they spoke only Arbanasi among themselves. The attractive promenade by the sea is called Kolovare.* A road branched

off from the plain and continued in a fan shape: Kotlar, Babin dub, Murvica, Stanovi, Bokanjac and beyond. • CABALLARIA - in the early Middle Ages, a kind of horse race that ran there (prof. Vlade Rismondo). 14 Since 1863, the question of

connecting Zadar to the railway had been raised.

This problem has always been a big concern for the people of Zadar. When the Imperial Council in Vienna voted on the construction of the Split-Siveri railway, it was proposed to build a branch from Knin via Benkovac to Zadar. A connection to the Rijeka-Zemun railway was sought, and Zadar would have reached a connection with Zagreb. Rodoljub Petar Abelić, president of the Zadar Chamber of Commerce, had sent a memorandum to Vienna and the Ban in Zagreb. There was no carnival in Zadar, so there were no humorous masquerades about the railway connection. "Narodni list" kept the issue lively on the agenda. Hungary was opposed. (At that time, Hungary had annexed Rijeka as a "Corpus separatum"). There was even thought about a railway not through Lika, Hungary, but through Istria, then by

ferries across the island to Pag and a bridge to the mainland to Zadar. Our new Yugoslavia definitely came up with the fantastic idea of a Pag-mainland bridge. I lingered on the issue of the railway, because this was a fixed idea for the people of Zadar.

The famous and invaluable role played by "Narodni list" during the uprising in Bosnia and Herzegovina and Montenegro in 1875. Zadar was at the center of events, at the center of European attention. He reached a voice and reputation that a provincial newspaper could not dream of at that time.

There was an action committee in the editorial office. like some general staff. Orthodox Croats believed that the victory of the uprising would resurrect a great Croatia, the radical Serbs, that Dušan's empire would be restored, the followers of the immortal Strossmayer, the unification of Yugoslavians. "Narodni list" highlighted the slogan: harmony! He resolutely stuck to the slogan: out with the Turk!

And the Turkish-Serbian, Turkish-Montenegrin and Russian-Turkish wars were born. The monarchy was in turmoil. Neither Vienna nor Pest wanted the Slavic part of the

monarchy to strengthen. Austria suppressed the movement, captured fighters and imprisoned them.

The democratic Italy of that time was with us, Garibaldi himself, the most distinguished Venetians, in Rome, Milan, Turin, Naples, were in favor of the unification of the southern Slavs. "Narodni list" emphasized that the sympathies of Italy were our dearest, and our Italian degenerates were the most furious opponents, they were in favor of Turkey. There was no insult that "Il Dalmata" did not utter. Bianchini received many written acknowledgements from the most distinguished

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from Europe. The Prince of Montenegro, later King Nikola, often sent warm sympathies to Bianchini, a brilliant ring and a gold watch with a chain. He also received expressions of affection from other politicians, from Lord Russell, from Woodman, from the English Prime Minister WE Gladstone. That was the famous and significant role of the "Narodni list". I was interested and studied it.

The most determined advocacy of the "Narodni list" is well known when the Viennese government not only ignored the existing poor state of the Dalmatian economy, but even introduced new measures that caused even greater damage and dissatisfaction (wine clause, concessions to Italian fishing, etc.).

This was Bianchini's biggest concern in the paper, and especially in the Vienna Parliament, where he enjoyed the voice of one of the best parliamentarians, which the Viennese newspapers emphasized. This is how life developed. The struggle between us and our Italians never stopped. Deeply divided, we insulted and attacked each other. It was unbearable. I apply to my Zadar that heavy complaint and lament that Dante made to his native city: "permanently in 15 wars, the inhabitants bite each

other, which are enclosed together by a wall and a ditch" ("in te non stanno senza gurra li vivi tuoi e l'un l'altro si rode di quei ch' un muro ed una fossa serra").

I remember how we were especially waiting for the end of the 19th century and the beginning of a new one. What will it bring us? The spirit and energy for what will disappear stood up. We were full of youth, determination, full of strength, full of hope. We waited bravely and remembered everything. How can we not remember what befell us? There will be two unimaginable wars. humanity in a new reality.

Until 1902, the imperial governors of Dalmatia were military men, of our blood, but subservient to Vienna. That year, the first civilian governor, the Austrian Baron Handel, came to us. One day he dismayed us: "There is no honest word among the Dalmatians." This was first published by the "Narodni list" in July 1904. It was called the "Governor's Affair" - "An Unheard-of Scandal."

The greatest indignation arose, a storm of protest, an insult to the honor of the country. When the Parliament met, it declared him unworthy (Dr. Pero ĳingrija) and all the representatives left the hall. He had to be removed and the first Dalmatian from Dubrovnik, Niko Nardeli (1905), was appointed as the governor. After Nardeli, another Austrian (1911). Until the collapse of the monarchy, Count Attems.

The Parliament had its premises on the corner of St. Marcela Street and St. Roch Street in the renovated former church of St. Peter (?). In 1903, a dynastic change occurred in Belgrade. In 1905, the famous resolutions of Rijeka and Zadar were passed. An important turning point in our political situation at the time. Advanced national champions, Serbs and Croats, inaugurated a more realistic guideline for harmony, brotherhood and unity in the then extremely difficult struggle, against foreigners, oppressors, in our then miserable mutual frictions. "Narodni list" was involved in both making and interpreting and propagating that great move. What was still a dream then, contributed to our final achievements today. 1907. universal suffrage. "Narodni list" advocated for a long time. The first elections for the Vienna Imperial Council (parliament). Our elected. 1908. annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. An uncertain, restless time and concern ensued. Austrian relations with Serbia became strained. In 1909, the long struggle for the national language finally ended. It was particularly important because of Zadar as the capital. The "Narodni list" persistently campaigned. Juraj Biankini was the delegate. A great national aspiration was fulfilled (April 26). In January 1912, the Italian-Turkish and Balkan wars of 1911 and 1912 came into effect. What was destined to happen to us was coming.

In 1914, Austria was conducting border maneuvers, and Crown Prince Franz-Ferdinand, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, came to attend and inspect

the border fortifications. On 28 VI he was killed in Sarajevo. Tremendous excitement prevailed. A big impression in Europe. War fever in Austria-Hungary. Vienna blamed Serbia, that it was the work of the Belgrade secret organization "Black Hand". Germany stood by the Monarchy. 28. VII declared mobilization and the Monarchy 16 went to war. 1. VIII Germany declared war on Russia. 3. VIII to France.

On August 4th, Belgium was invaded. England entered the war. By August 9th, everyone had entered. World War I broke out. Japan entered last on August 23rd, and finally the USA. That's how the 20th century came to us. What happened led to the First and Second World Wars. A political, social and economic upheaval was created, the greatest in humanity. A new society. Our people - let's no longer call them autonomists, but Italians, and from 1874 Italians and finally irredentists, because irredentism was no longer hidden - were not always in agreement. Before, I wasn't really interested, while in

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Dr. Italo Boxich (Girolamo) did not enter into action in the first decade of this century. Our top sheet. He appeared at the head of the most extreme Italians. He published the newspaper "Il risorgimento", intransigent even according to the party's newsletter. When the occupation came, he resented the occupier and Admiral Milo interned him. But more on this later.

During the Austrian period, municipalities were responsible for maintaining order and security in the city: there was a city police force. In the circumstances of Zadar, where the citizenry was divided and divided, and the municipality was in the hands of one party, of course its police force was biased.

Incidents are becoming more frequent and more severe. Street attacks on our common people exceeded all measure. In one such riot, the mob attacked the calm, respectable judge Masovčijy so hostilely that he ended up in the hospital.

Finally, the state police was brought in after an energetic search of the Parliament. It was a heavy blow for the municipality. The only one on whom such an anti-pathetic measure had to be imposed. the head of the state police was Dr. Gustin, a Slovenian, upright, his deputy, a native of our country, a rigid regime, and the third was a native of one of our islands (names are not important).

Our element in the city was hardened. Despite all the increasing pressure, progress was made. We had set out bravely and with confidence. The youth stood out, our Academic Club and the then Sokol, the most active and always under attack. It was headed by Dr. Pero Klaiy, son of the revivalist Dr. Miha. Our societies, banks, savings banks, cooperatives, charities, etc., especially cultural efforts, concerts, plays. The Giuseppe Verdi Theater was not open to us. That is why a great campaign was created and was in full swing for Zadar to get a Croatian Home, a campaign led by our most respected people. Funds were arriving beyond expectations. Everything was ripe for construction. But the war interrupted everything. With the sad end of the war, everything disappeared. I was too busy to follow everything.

In the end, revival won, and when progress was on the way, we were hit by the first occupation. "Narodni list" then wrote in Italian again - for the occupier. That's when his difficult, glorious period ended sadly.

For us Zadarites, the First World War was the most difficult, the most fatal.

The other brought us freedom, unification and the future.

When the war broke out, Italy, an ally of the Monarchy and Germany, declared itself neutral. Strong nationalist propaganda led by D'Annunzio flared up. Aspiration Trento, Trieste, our coast. Advanced Italians and socialists were decidedly against the war (gurra per scopi imperialistici). 17 Italian diplomacy negotiated in the greatest secrecy with

England, France and Russia and finally they concluded the secret London Pact on the ceding of our regions to Italy. This pact was first discovered in Petrograd by our distinguished emigrant Frano Supilo, which we could not have known then.

Italy declared war on May 24, 1915. We received it with great anxiety. On the Italian front, along the Soya, were mainly our regiments. They bravely resisted all Italian attacks, not to defend the hated Monarchy, but to fight most tenaciously so that Italy, then our enemy, would not cross the border and rule in our homeland. One must admire the consciousness of that time. Until Italy entered to war

The people did not understand the war. We followed with trepidation and placed all our hopes on the Russian front.

On the Soya front, where the Italian attacks were being crushed, they were thrown even as far as the Piave. When the Monarchy was falling apart and the front was disappearing, Italy then celebrated Vittorio-Veneto on Italian territory as its great victory.

I was too busy with the "Narodni list" and the printing house. Juraj Biankini had been bedridden for a long time. Now the imperial governor and his deputy, Count Attems and Thun, remembered him and visited him.

Among other patriots, Petar Biankini, a member of the editorial board and management of "Narodni list", died immediately. He was arrested and charged with espionage for Italy. He spent a long time in prisons in Maribor and Ljubljana.

The Viennese state security based such an infamous accusation on the fact that the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on the basis of an international finding, entrusted Peter Biankini with the arrangement of a neglected large estate in Italy, Albarese near Siena in Tuscany. Biankini did it so successfully that it caused a lot of

attention, it was registered by the Italian and world press and the ministry from Rome led a special train deputation of parliament (150), senate (30) and journalists (16) to see the work done. Petar Biankini became "Commendatore". Even after that, the Grand Duke of Tuscany on cruises on the Adriatic docked in Zadar and visited the Biankini house, to the great sensation of then small-town Zadar. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was not Italian, "he was a Hainburg, from the imperial house of Franz-Josef!

Petar Bianchini barely stuck his head out.

He completed his higher education in Hungary and Germany and served his first service

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received in Šibenik, where he founded an agricultural course. He published the newspaper "Gospodarski poučnik", considered the best newspaper with very strong connections in Europe. He wrote a lot, especially about medicinal and industrial plants. His life's work of wider significance is "On the cultivation and care of flowers, ornamental shrubs and trees", an exceptional book (1112 pages), much sought after today. He preached in Italy, and when the parents of the Biankini brothers celebrated their golden wedding, the children gifted their parents the park "Jurjevac". The decoration of the Old Town. It was conceived and built by Petar Biankini. Today it is used by tourism. He died in 1928, broken. He was proclaimed a pioneer, founder and father of our horticulture. 18 During the entire war, we suffered terribly. I don't need to dwell on describing the short period before Italy's entry into the war: foodstuffs were rationed, copper was collected, bells were removed, a plaster relief was placed in the middle of Dellauran square - a big warning to everyone - "I give gold for steel", only in German. Patriots abused, reshuffles, internment, arrests, persecuted press, confiscations, preventive censorship. My boss - a lawyer - was quickly interned and the law office was left to me alone.

Our national leaders, who emigrated at the beginning of the war, formed the "Yugoslav Committee" in London to advocate for the unification of the southern Slavs with the Allies. We had a hard time keeping up with everything, but we were proud and placed all our hopes on the Yugoslav Committee. When the war broke out in Zadar, Dr. Ante Biankini found himself at his brother's house. At the end of the last century, he had emigrated to America and as an American citizen he managed to return to Chicago. He was known as a great patriot, he organized our numerous emigration throughout the Americas, which until his arrival was called "Austrians". The President of the Yugoslav Committee in London was Dr. Ante Trumbiž, and Dr. Ante Biankini, as a representative of our American emigration, was the Vice-President. During the war, the Committee played a significant role, and that was our hope. Trumbiž then concluded an agreement with Pašić in Corfu on the federal organization of the future Yugoslav state, which, as is well known, Pašić played out. Dr. Ante Biankini was all for the famous secret London Pact not to be implemented. Until the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty, he was in Paris at his own expense. When he died in 1934 in Chicago, his coffin was solemnly sent off with the participation of an American military detachment and loaded in New York for his homeland at state expense. He was ceremonially welcomed in Dubrovnik and Split and, with a large participation, was sent off and buried in Stari Grad.

He was an assistant professor at Northwestern University. He wrote many professional papers in English and Croatian. During the war, he opened a great agitation for Yugoslav unity in the press. He published the daily "Hrvatska zastava", which he changed into "Yugoslavka zastava", and from 1916 into "Yugoslavian world" and moved to New York. Through his personal friendly ties with US President Woodrow Wilson, he contributed the most to the decisive stance of the US against Italian pretensions on our coast.

He did his first medical practice in Stari Grad. I often met with the late Vicko Pajina from Mali Selo, a forester. He always repeated to me gratefully: "We were poor. My father was lying seriously ill. Dr. Ante Biankini came, examined him and bandaged him, and every time he left us, along with a prescription for medicine." By the end of the war, there were many things that can be felt more than written down. Even before Italy entered the war, reckless youth in Zadar once caused a minor street incident. It happened, I don't know how, and I was taken to the state police station, because I shouted: "Down with Francis Joseph" (I still don't know today), and my head could have been in danger. Dr. Gustin sentenced me to a fine of 10 crowns. I didn't pay.

I only mention this to give credit to that boss. I got away with it. I continued in even more difficult circumstances. I had started "Naš list" because "Narodni list" was not reaching the wider masses. "Naš list" was received very well. It shared the same fate and ended up like "Narodni list". I remember and want to mention that Rijeka comedy by D'Annunzio and his ardites. I remembered them because, when they came to Zadar, they caused us a lot of trouble in our apartment. The Roman government stood aside, powerless to liquidate them.

D'Annunzio was announced from Rijeka and arrived by torpedo boat at the Derna waterfront. (I heard - not interestingly - that two girls fell into the sea during the welcome from enthusiasm or the crowd). If Milo and the army were faithful, how was it that D'Annunzio was allowed to sail from Rijeka and come, how was it that he was welcomed, that he was not prevented, that he was not detained, but was ceremonially sent off? From the balcony of the municipality D'Annunzio made an acting statement and guaranteed "ci siamo e ci resteremo" (we are here and we will remain). But I find the tasteless thing he recited to the crowd from the balcony very angry and amusing. With his characteristic, poseur phrase, his corrupt grandiose fantasy, he informed

is,
without shame, listeners about the intimate relationships between Dr. Ante Biankini and Woodrow Wilson, the President of the USA, who did not recognize anything from our region to Italy.
The situation, the absolute fulfillment of military duty, became more and more difficult and insecure for me. So many interesting and dangerous moments. I did my job as a lawyer and secretary at the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, but nothing kept me busy and exhausted me like journalism.
The most difficult with personnel. The street dictated. Constant absences, cancellations, strikes, sabotage, confiscations, foreclosures, bans, break-ins, damage to machines. When no printing house took over printing, the paper could not come out. I struggled terribly. By chance, I learned the trade of metalsmith and mechanic. Not infrequently I typed what I had written, impagined it, prepared it for the machine, set it in motion and serviced the machines; when I didn't even have a mechanic. It was not rare that I not only spent the day in the printing house, but also waited for the dawn in the arduous work.

That's how my journalism was. non-writing classes. And I succeeded.
Why not bring to my memories here what could never normally happen to a journalist? which I am ashamed to remember. Now it amuses me. It was an old custom in Zadar, that on the day of the Zrinjsko-Frankopan massacre, youth, anti-Habsburg demonstrations, quietly, a solemn commemoration would be held in the church of St. Michael with a Glagolitic mass and "Our Beautiful One". Every year on 30 April. What I am writing was on 30 March. I was exhausted, exhausted, incapable of thinking for myself, just irresponsible. It would rather belong in the humor category. So, on 30 March I wrote a commemorative article, I personally folded it in the printing house, prepared the sheet and put it in the machine. So far, everything is understandable. What follows is what excites me even now. So busy, without . assistant, I couldn't be in church, so I dared to write and include the daily news,

describing the function and the packed church, where I wasn't. What journalist would allow something like that? The first copy was coming out of the machine, and Dr. Petricioli entered the printing room. He took that first copy and said to me in amazement: "What is this? Today is not a day of commemoration!" He saved me from inevitable embarrassment, so much journalistic frivolity, incomprehensible to anyone.
I've kept this secret of mine hidden until now. The letter was not late. An incredible experience, a great lesson. Unforgettable, my friend! Haran, I'm mentioning this for his sake. Only now.
I cannot help but remember the support they gave me: Dr. Jerko Machiedo; MP, member of the National Committee. From house arrest, his two sons, Dr. Miyo and the late Dr. Dušan, still weak, skillfully, conspiratorially brought me material, playing the role of guard in front of the house both during the Austrian and the occupation; Dr. Uroš Desnica, especially his "lettere dal Zrmanja", witty and much-noted open letters to the Italian champion Dr. Natale Krekiy from Bibinje (he loved me, and so did his irredentist sons); Dr. Josip Jablanoviy, until he left for Split, when the provisional government was formed. The most precious to me was my unforgettable Dr. Josip Petricioli, a dear friend.

I gladly mention the old-fashioned affection of Josip Tonyiy, the last of the leaders of our revival. In 1867 he was sentenced to 7 months in prison for writing in the "Narodni list". After his release, he emigrated to Belgrade to complete his legal studies, because they did not allow him to do so here. Upon his return, he entered the political service in the Regency, where at that time there was no one who knew Croatian. He finished as a deputy governor and was on the commission that passed the language order of 1909. (His grandson was recently the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Austria).
I mention the excellent Petar Kasandriy, editor of "Smotra dalmatinske". I also do not forget my friend Radoje Beli, who worked in Zadar immediately after the liberation and helped me to then restore "Narodni list".

Can I not include two people from Stari Grad among the collaborators of that first team? The dike of Stari Grad, who, along with Zadar, held out the longest and "Punta" in the revival movement.
One was Vrankoviy Ivan. He joined the movement and worked diligently in the "Narodni list". In 1864 he became a representative of Braj, Hvar and Vis and for 33 years he was on the National Committee and in the "Narodni list" until his death (1900).
The second is Dinko Politeo. Born to be a journalist, he was a prodigy of a journalist. He collaborated most zealously in "Narodni list", and from 1875 he replaced the editor-in-chief. He considered his time at "Narodni list" the most beautiful in his life. He dedicated the first volume of his memoirs to "Jurje Biankin, his teacher in journalism". His articles (10,000) read like a history of the National Revival. A phenomenal memory.

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Having gone blind in 1896, he dictated until his death in 1903. It is no exaggeration to say that Politeo built the Pantheon for our revivalists with his pen. 21 At the end of World War I, the few

days between the disarmament of the crew and the arrival of the Italians passed in tense anticipation. And the first Italian torpedo boat, number 55, arrived with the Croatian flag, and the lined-up crew on deck cheered for Yugoslavia. On the shore (today Radnička), the commander (Mateucci) emerged and his first message was that he was coming on behalf of the Allies. I described this earlier in today's "Narodni list".

The next day, the large Lloyd's steamer "Africa" docked in the harbor (Derna quay) full of demobilized soldiers, who were returning home (Czechoslovaks and ours). They did not get off the ship, they sang and cheered for freedom. Our youth gathered together to expel the newcomers. Our leaders with difficulty removed this madness. The returnees set off for Rijeka.

It was clear to us that other warships would come and we waited. We were informed that Dr. esić-Pavić, who was taking over the Austro-Hungarian Navy in Pula on behalf of the Zagreb People's Council, would come. He arrived in the evening. We welcomed him and happily followed him to the governor's office. He greeted the crowd from the balcony and boasted that he had slept soundly on the largest warship in the former imperial bed.

It seemed as if the occupier was hesitating, but our general enthusiasm was short-lived. The warship "Lombardia" finally appeared and docked on the shore of Derna, right next to the entrance to the harbor. There it would remain permanently.

A slow and cautious advance will be directed from this ship, and there will be a temporary command until "Il governatorato" is formed.

Here we have the hardest blow. Our irredentists received news of what Italy would receive under the secret London Pact. So, Zadar was theirs. The news came late at night. Their delirium of delight ensued. Everyone took to the streets, singing, cheering, hugging, all the bells were ringing, the municipal band went around the city playing their "El si"... We were startled from our sweet dream of freedom. We were deeply worried, sad and desperate. We didn't want to believe it. We greeted the dawn like this, beaten, miserable...

If there was evil from the beginning of the war, the occupation brought the worst.

Persistent propaganda, favoritism towards Italianism, the influx of immigrants from Italy, our people in increasing numbers had to leave their homes and move. As for the "Narodni list", the difficulties it faced on the street, what was sent by mail was not forwarded, all this prevented its voice from reaching the wider masses. It began to write in Italian, intended for overseas managers.

Bianca was forbidden to leave, cut off from the outside world.

The captain of the carabinieri came to the apartment every couple of days to visit him, to put himself at his service, in fact to supervise. Major Perlini, originally from Zadar,

was in charge of the press at Governor Milo's headquarters.

And this one came more often, most kindly. And so on the one hand, rigid restraint and limitations, and on the other, flattery and increasingly difficult.

Then Biankini came forward with that open letter "Conti chiari - amici cari". The paper was temporarily suspended, and Biankina was interned in Italy. How he was taken and how, upon the intervention of the American admiral in Split, he was transferred to another torpedo boat and disembarked in 22 Bakar Bay was

shown in "Narodni . list" from S. V 1979.

It is worth adding: The captain of the Carabinieri came, as usual, for a visit in the afternoon. He stayed for a long time, the usual conversation and flattery, night fell, we were getting ready for dinner, he offered, he accepted, we had dinner and continued until late. Biankini's eyes were already closing. It was 11 o'clock when our guest finally got up, he somehow reluctantly decided to apologize: would Biankini please go ashore with him on the warship "Lombardia", briefly, just for a few words, just some information and the like. No one needs to get off. He will accompany him. He doesn't need to take anything, he will personally escort him back. He never came back. Our most prominent people from the entire occupied zone were already on the "Lombardia". Before dawn they all set off for Ancona. Biankini at sea, further from Silba, was transferred to another torpedo boat and landed in Barskorn Bay, not in the town.

In Belgrade, Biankini became a minister and vice-president. He quickly became disillusioned and retired to Split to his sister Fabio, her son, court advisor Ante, and grandson Ivo, a senior official of the IKB, a noble Starograd citizen. He died in Split on March 27, 1928. His eyes were closed by Dr. Ljubo Klaić, son of the immortal revivalist Dr. Miho Klaić, my friend from Zadar. The dead body was displayed in the municipality on the People's Square and the next day, with the huge participation of representatives from all over the country and the whole of Split, it was escorted to the warship "Labud" and transferred to the family tomb in Stari Grad.

Without Biankini's "Narodni list", without the activities and stamp that Biankini gave him from 1871 until his forced removal, it is impossible to imagine the heroic period and success of the national revival of Dalmatia. When Biankini celebrated the 30th anniversary of his publication, the Croats presented him with a symbolic, beautiful statue "Gloire au Travail" (Glory to Work), by the French sculptor Lavasseur with the dedication "To Jurje Biankini Croats 1871-1901". If he had not been removed,

he would have quickly celebrated his fiftieth anniversary.

His bust, a masterpiece by Ivan Meštrović, was destroyed by the Italian crew during the first occupation of the island of Hvar. Meštrović wanted to restore his work and cast it in bronze. Unfortunately, we had neither the fragments nor the painting, which Meštrović had asked us to. Today we would be proud of the sculpture of the great Meštrović.

I continue where I mentioned Dr. Boxich. After a long internment, Milo allowed him to return to Zadar. Now the street was preparing to give him, once

adored, a hostile welcome. He arrived on the steamer "Almissa". I watched the welcome from the walls above the gate of St.

Dimitra. When he appeared on deck he was greeted with noise and whistles. One of the crowd approached him, a Zadar native, an Italian lieutenant in civilian

clothes. Dr. Boxich freed himself with a skillful swing.

The carabinieri quickly surrounded him and set off for the sea gate (Porta marina).

I crossed there. By chance I found myself next to an old Franciscan Glagolitic monk from St. Michael, who, when Boxich arrived at the city gate in an uncertain, shocked voice, barely audibly said: "live on" and a fist hit him. I made an unconscious gesture as if to protect that old face, and a hand fell on me. I happily got out of the crowd and came home. I had white woolen trousers. My family was waiting for me anxiously, they noticed the imprint of a man's shoe on my back. Dr.

Boxich stayed in Zadar for a while, then moved to Biograd n/m. Later we met in Belgrade. He

became Dr. Jerolim Božić.

But, let's get back to the important stuff. The aforementioned Major Petlini often came to me, persistently suggesting that I go to the command, to meet them, to personally see for myself their good intentions.

One day he brought me a formal invitation from the commander of the battleship Bucci, the chief of staff of Admiral Milo, that he wanted to meet me. The People's Council considered it useful. I was not deluded, I left with distrust and with excitement.' Commander Bucci was most gracious. Each time very heartily, each time more and more strongly, he pointed to their share in the end of the Monarchy

and highlighted their "cinquecentomilla morti". Once Admiral Milo came in and that's how I saw him and got to know him. · Something big happened during that time;

but what ,

ended favorably. Our patriotic officials in the occupied zone refused to receive monthly allowances from the occupiers. It was a great gesture and our pride. The secret connections worked and the provisional government in Split took care. But it happened that two couriers from Split were caught in Biograd with the list and money. I can't describe how shocked we were. I was entrusted with trying something.

To ,

our great surprise, it was resolved favorably. I don't believe I contributed anything.

And everything was going from bad to worse. If that barbaric destruction had not come, everything would have had to end in the end, exhausted, exhausted, suffocated by the cruel and refined methods they implemented.

With the collapse of the Monarchy, a National Council was formed in Zagreb, which declared secession from the Monarchy and created a free Croatia. A

Provisional Provincial Administration was established in Split, headed by Dr.

Metlić as president and Dr. Jablanović as vice-president, who came from Zadar. In Zadar, we formed a National Committee, which I was also a member of. This is how we welcomed the collapse of Austria-Hungary.

Our freedom-loving, patriotic Split could not tolerate the occupiers and the presence of their warship in the Split port in the Allied formation. Split followed our troubles closely and gave vent to its mood whenever the opportunity presented itself. It happened that in one of the not infrequent cases of such moodiness, the commander of the Italian unit (Gulli) fell victim. Their arrogance was to blame (July 19, 1920). If only this had not happened! Retaliation was carried out immediately. We were in for the hardest day. I described this in the "Narodni list" in July 1962.

The destruction and devastation were indescribable. "Narodni list" and all our people were destroyed.

The echo of vandalism and destruction was unbearable.

Apart from the anguish caused by what was happening on the ground floor, I could watch from my third-floor window the smoke rising from the Walls and the Waxworks. 24 ·. On the Walls, in

the building next to the present-day >>Narodni ·list«, there was the National Committee of the Kingdom of Dalmatia (like the Executive Council of the Parliament today). Everything there was left in ruins. There was a gallery of works by our first painters and sculptors. ·

The thickest smoke from the Waxworks: the storehouse and the boats of our rowing club "Jadran" were burning. What great love we had created it with!

I enjoyed rowing. We were lucky that Dr. Pero Klaić, the son of the immortal revivalist, often came and helmed us.

The next day I learned the details of the break-in and the casualties. The

Carabinieri did not show up while the vandalism was going on. I have not forgotten

the statement of one of them: "nella mischia non entriamo" (we do not get into the fray). That was how it was. It is sad to remember.

I wrote everything from memory, from what I had experienced, from observations. Could I have left something out? How could I not register so many memories?

When we instinctively sensed that the Monarchy was falling apart, before the official

news arrived - my most exciting day - we gathered without distinction, all of us. Bare-handed, we set off madly to disarm the garrison, to drive out the Germans and

Hungarians. We occupied the regency and the offices.

We dispatched the governor (Count Attems) to Austria and blissfully awaited what would come.

Our word from the municipal balcony. Our flag flew. Unforgettable! That was my happiest day!

The worst, the saddest thing came too quickly. In the newly welcomed

freedom, a detail about the famous London Pact. The sweet dream of freedom disappeared and we were thrown into despair... And that barbaric orgy, demolitions and

destruction in the twilight and night of July 20, 1920. And my departure from my

beloved city. . . "tristissimae noctis imago" (image of that most sorrowful night). I still associate Rapallo. My most difficult experiences.

Zadar, liberated, destroyed, and abandoned, gained, and today has, valuable citizens.

Much has been done for reconstruction, for progress, for beautification.

Many values have been discovered and highlighted. The gold and silver of Zadar!

The end of the martyr's past. A new face for the city!

No other city in Croatia has resisted Venice for so long and so fiercely as

Zadar.

Like a Phoenix dying and reviving.

Has any street or alley remained untouched, without ruins or new buildings,

from the merciless bombing? Couldn't such a street be called a "street of old Zadar"?

Alongside the Roman forum of ancient times, today we see Donatus, the oldest imposing building of the Middle Ages, the monastery of St. Mary with its bell tower

and tomb, St. Chrysogonus and others. All of these are our historically

significant, emotional monuments. 25'..

And the St. Simon's crayfish? A masterpiece of Zadar goldsmithing.

The donor is the Croatian-Hungarian Queen Jelisaveta Kotromanić, the reliefs

depict her. They also depict Louis of Anjou, Ban Jelena Šubić, Ban Stjepan Kotromanić,

and the donor is mentioned as Serbian Despot Ćurać Branković. - And where are the Venetian Doges?!

And St. Anastasia after the Crusader destruction (1202), rebuilt (1285). In it was found a stone slab about the arrival of Pope Alexander III (1177), who was greeted with

songs "altissime resonantibus in eorum Schlavonica lingua" (In their Slavic language). Isn't that proof of Zadar's Slavic identity? So much evidence - how did it remain

hidden, how did it not disappear?

We are finally united as brothers and enjoy freedom.

Krunoslav Penović 26

OBITUARY On

January 8, 1984, the venerable old man from Zadar, Kruno Penović, left

us, spending his well-deserved peace in Stari Grad.

On the day of the funeral, January 11, 1984, in the tomb of the legendary

Bianchini, Prof. Ante Tadić said goodbye to our dear deceased as a native of Starograđan and Ivo Fabrio as a relative and, as Ivo himself said, as a younger friend.

We will follow Ivo's thoughts, because Ivo is among those closest in lineage

and feelings to our deceased, and this note of ours will be a brief overview of

the life course of this deserving man.

After completing his law studies in Zagreb and Vienna, Kruno Penović

returned to his native Zadar, where as a young journalist he was soon noticed by

Juraj Biankini, a patriot, liberal, and one of the first leaders of the National Revival in

Dalmatia. He immediately collaborated with the "Narodni list", whose management he

then took over.

The first part of his rich life - we always follow Ivo's thought - he dedicated a full thirty years, together with other nationalists in Zadar and Dalmatia, to the fight

against the Austro-Hungarian policy conducted in favor of the Italians, until circumstances at the end of the war led to an open conflict when "Narodni list" was demolished and

its editor-in-chief moved to his homeland, Yugoslavia.

In Belgrade, almost from the beginning, he worked in the maritime sector,

where he gained general recognition as an expert and general respect as a man,

and as the head of the Maritime Department in the then Ministry of Transport, he worked dedicatedly on the organization of maritime affairs.

traffic on the Adriatic, on the construction and repair of ports and lighthouses and on the establishment of the Yugoslav merchant navy, and he brought all this to an enviable height. In this work he helped our sailors, all who turned to him. Thanks to his noble persistence for the public good, his knowledge and honesty, he achieved much.

We note the honorable circumstance that, just before World War II, Chief

Penovič, on his own initiative, issued an order to all Yugoslav ocean-going ships to sail from the Adriatic and the Mediterranean and place themselves in the service of the Allies.